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VOL. XXXIV.—NO. I. MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 5, 1901. PRICE, THREE CENTS.

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Extract from a Letter Received.

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Can you solve this problem? If so, you will win a prize. Do not send any money with your answer, but send name and correct address, and by return mail a beautiful prize will be sent free. As our object in giving away these premiums is to attract attention to, and increase the circulation of our popular Magazine, we request you when you receive your prize show it to as many friends as possible. We want large lists of readers in every neighborhood, and are going to offer many handsome prizes to secure them. Among the prizes we are offering is $250.00 in cash, and many articles of silverware. Full particulars of the awarding of these prizes will be sent you with your prize for answering the above problem. Address, with stamp for reply,

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LARGEST STOCK.

LOWEST PRICES.

and see you

... Throughout the State. ...

J. H. Harkins has purchased the interest of the other owners in the Wilmington Democrat, a weekly publication.

Emma M. Palmer has been elected commander of Star of Bethlehem Lodge, Shepherds of Bethlehem, of Wilmington.

Rev. J. R. Milligan, pastor of Olivet Presbyterian Church, Wilmington, has received a call to St. Georges's Church and has it under consideration.

S. G. Fisher, of Ellendale, has secured, through the efforts of United States Senator Kenney, a position in the Agricultural Department at Washington.

The Delaware Construction Company, of Wilmington, has a $45,000 contract for the erection of three sets of stocks from the Maryland Steel Company, at Sparrows' Point, Md.

When a girl goes away for a few weeks, and kisses a young man good bye on the depot platform, two things are indicated: One, she thinks she loves him; two, she has mighty poor taste.

The John Marshall Day committee of the New Castle County Bar Association comprises Anthony Higgins, William F. Kurtz, Tilghman Johnson, Peter L. Cooper, Jr., and Andrew C. Gray.

Persons who are in the habit of using standard dollars as a target in pistol practice will find after this that their amusement will cost them dear, for the government has decided not to redeem any coin that has been mutilated.

The Commoner, the new Democratic weekly published by William J. Bryan will appear in January. The subscription price is $1 a year payable in advance. The paper will be issued from Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mr. Bryan will be the editor and publisher.

John Sanders, an aged colored man, living near Blackbird, was walking along the railroad track unmindful, because he was deaf, of the approach of a train. The locomotive grazed his coat, and the wind of the train threw him in a bank of mud.

The resignation of Joseph C. Lugar a general superintendent of Wilmington City Railway Company will take effect January 31. He will become general manager of the Ohio Valley Electric Railway Company, with headquarters in Huntington, W. Va.

George Darrell, who is a resident of the Buttonwoods, near New Castle, heard a noise at his hennery at an early hour Monday morning, and, creeping around the side of the house, saw two negroes. He fired at one of the men, wounding him. The negro managed to escape. Blood showed that he had been cut by the shot.

The people of New Castle are anxious to learn what the intention of the new owners of the branch of the National Tube Company in that city is in regard to the plant, and are hoping to hear that the works will be started up. The plant, it is stated, is to be absorbed by a still larger trust, that is to develop the tube business on a greater scale and make the tubes more cheaply than formerly.

The New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Telegraph Company, which has connections on the Peninsula, has asked the Wilmington Street and Sewer Department for permission to build a line in Wilmington, to connect with the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company's building. This is to form part of the line in opposition to the Western Union on the Peninsula.

Delissa Jacques, the Frenchman who was pardoned on Tuesday last by Governor Tunnell, after serving eight years of a ten years' sentence in New Castle Jail, does not know what to do with himself. He leaves the jail in the morning, boards the trolley car and spends the day in Wilmington. He returns at night and firmly believes that the jail is his home. He does not seem to understand otherwise.

The farmers of lower Delaware are still reporting large numbers of big hogs killed this season. Probably the largest was that owned by W. S. Marsh, of Angola, which weighed 741½ pounds. William W. Mustard, of Cool Spring, killed four, weighing, respectively, 542, 508, 505 and 430 pounds. Josiah D. Walls, of Robinson, owned four, whose aggregate weight was 1,985 pounds. Three hogs, the property of R. Henry Mumford, of Old Furnace, weighed 650, 460 and 390 pounds, respectively.

While boring an artesian well near Easton last week the suction pump, when a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet had been reached, threw out numbers of lobsters, small fishes and toads, spotless white in color, and what appeared to be the teeth and fins of sharks. The fish and lobsters, which were each about six inches in length, died soon after being ejected by the pump, but the toads, lived for hours. The pump is being bored through a bed of rocks and it is believed that a cavern containing animal life exists underneath.

Coroner's Work for a Year

Coroner Alfred D. Vandever, who closed his term Monday, has had a very busy time in the past year. He had 212 cases under his attention, investigations being made by himself or his deputy, Ferris Giles. Of the deaths, twenty-eight resulted from railroad accidents and twenty-four from drowning. There were fourteen suicides and one murder.

Little Miss Upperten—"Mamma, doesn't the Bible say we should love our neighbors?"

Mamma—"Yes, dear."

Little Miss U.—"Does that include those on the back street as well as these on the avenue?"

"Why do you consider woman more intelligent than man?"

"Because she has sense enough not to show all that she dis[illegible]es."

SHOOTING AFFAIR STARTLES SUSSEX

Edward Lynch, residing twelve miles east of Laurel, was shot and fatally wounded on Saturday evening by his neighbor, Joseph Baker. Both men are prominent farmers and the shooting, coupled with the scandal that led to it, has created a sensation such as this county never before knew. Both men bore excellent reputations. Lynch has a wife who is an occupant of a ward for the insane at Farnhurst. The two men were the best of friends until three weeks ago when Baker was informed of his wife's unfaithfulness.

His wife is a pretty woman and Baker loved her madly. He could not believe the reports, but kept a close watch which proved their truth. For his children's sake and for the love he bore his wife he pleaded with both and threatened to kill Lynch if he ever saw him with his wife again.

TOLD BY NEIGHBORS

On Christmas evening neighbors told Baker that during his absence Lynch had visited the house.

Again the broken-hearted man pleaded with his wife, telling her that he would not only kill Lynch, but her as well if he ever knew of their intimacy again. On Saturday he drove to Georgetown and consulted a lawyer asking what would be the consequence if he killed Lynch. The lawyer told him it was a hard matter to advise him in a case of that kind, but if he was being treated so he would kill the man.

Baker drove home just as the sun was setting. His wife was gone. There is a little Methodist church, with a thicket back of it just across the road from the pretty Baker homestead, Baker thought perhaps his wife had gone to the thicket to call the chickens as she frequently did so. He stepped across the road. He had gone only a few steps when he came across Lynch's team hitched to a tree, and, looking around a pile of brush, he saw the wife and his friend.

Baker rushed for the house, where he got his double-barreled gun, loaded with No. 6 shot. When he returned the wife had fled and Lynch had just turned his team and put the whip to his horse, but he was a moment too late.

Baker took deliberate aim and fired, both barrels at the fleeing man, who toppled out of the buggy with a load of shot in his body. The shot passed through the right kidney and the liver. Lynch is living, but the doctors say he cannot last the night out.

After the shooting Baker calmly harnessed another horse and retraced his steps to Georgetown, where he reported to his counsel that he had acted upon his advice and killed Lynch. He then surrendered to the sheriff.

THE DESTROYER OF OYSTERS

The United States Fish Commission, after an investigation, attributes the decline of the oyster industry to the taking of menhaden. These are the natural protectors of the oyster, eating the starfish, the bivalve's deadliest enemy. The catching of the menhaden, therefore, tends to increase the number of starfish. This discovery is apt to have the effect of reopening the old controversy about putting an end to, or limiting, the menhaden fishery along the Atlantic States. Massachusetts has already passed a law prohibiting taking of the fish in the inshore waters of the State, and authorities in other States are endeavoring to have acts passed prohibiting the industry within the three mile limit. The objections to such laws are numerous and those who are engaged in the industry have been powerful enough in the past to prevent the adoption of many that were proposed in various States. The fish are ground up and converted in oil and fertilizing material. In attacking the oyster the starfish so covers his victim that the suckers of the underside of the arms are distributed part to one valve and part to the other and the remainder frequently to some surrounding object. The suckers are very numerous and stick fast, and a tendency to straighten the arms results in a constant pull on the shells in opposite directions, which, if strong enough would open the shells. It is true that the starfish is not strong enough to open an oyster immediately in this manner, but it can and does fatigue its prey. The constant strong pull in opposite directions soon tires the muscle which holds the shell together, and sooner or later the oyster or clam gapes open.

BOLD BURGLARY AT DOVER

For the second time within three weeks, early Sunday morning, Dover had another daring burglary, at the clothing store of A. Friedman, at the corner of Bradford and Lockerman streets. The burglars stripped the large front plate glass windows which were filled with clothing and neckwear and hats, in the bright glare of a large arc electric light, which Mr. Friedman keeps burning outside. The value of goods carried away by the burglars, most of which were overcoats, suits of underwear and a lot of neckwear, will aggregate $500.

Entrance to the store was gained by sawing a hole in a window at the rear of the store and pushing back the bolts, and then sawing through a glass door and pushing back the bolts there; entrance to the store being easily gained then. The tools, which consisted of three bracket saws, a cold chisel and a claw hammer were left in the store and were identified as belonging to Hartnett Brothers of this town, owners of the saw mill at the depot, being the same place from which the tools used on Behen's store some weeks ago were stolen from.—*Every Evening.*

[illegible]ear.

FORECAST FOR JANUARY 1901

From 1st to 4th stormy weather may be looked for. The first stage of the Vulcan period will be change to warmer and falling barometer in the west. These conditions will advance eastward, ending in rain and snow. Change to northwesterly winds, rising barometer, and cold, clearing weather, will set in behind the areas rain and snow in the west, following storms closely and changing weather from storm to antistorm conditions over most parts of the country. A reaction to storm conditions is due about 7th, to 8th culminating on the 9th, in higher temperature, with rain and probable thunder southward, ending in sudden change to clearing, colder weather generally, but only for a very short time. A regular storm period is central on the 12th. The barometer will fall rapidly, attended by change to warmer, resulting in rain and snow over many sections, on and touches the 12th, 13th, 14. Another marked change to colder will set in behind and follow up this period, fair and very cold weather reaching all parts by or before the 17th. About the 18th, change to warmer with falling barometer will set in westward, and storm conditions will increase as they spread eastward during the 19th and 20th, culminating about Sunday 20th, in storms of rain and snow. An energetic high barometer, with short, sharp change to cold, may be expected just before the elements begin to feel the effect of the Vulcan storm period central on the 23rd. The Mercury period being central on the 21st, its perturbing influence will extend into this Vulcan period. Hence northern sides of storm areas may look for warm, winter rains to turn to heavy sleet and blizzards apout 23rd to 25, followed by extreme cold, which will extend far southward, more or less modified, of course, to the extreme south. If an extremely low barometer exists generally over the country during the early stages of this period, look for a sweeping cold wave to touch most parts of the country at its close.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8.30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all"—

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer, "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do, pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me." apologized the policeman, "you run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the bluecoat gently wafted the remnant on its way.

AGAINST ROTATION

The Regular Republican county committee again considered the subject of rotation in office at its meeting in Wilmington Saturday, and again the sentiment of the members present was against rotation. Richard G. Buckingham, of Mill Creek hundred, set the ball rolling by advocating a change in the rules so that his hundred could have its turn in nominating a Levy Court Commissioner. He held that Christiana hundred has had more than her share of the political places. He cited the case of Levy Courtman John Lynn, who is finishing one term and succeeds himself for another term. Charles Megginson, one of the new Levy Courtmen, who lives in New Castle hundred, favored retaining the old rules so that the voters in a district shall say what part of the district shall have the nominations.

Call Extended Pastor

The quarterly conference of Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilmington, has extended an invitation to Rev. H. S. Dulaney, of Millington, Md., to become pastor for the next conference year. A motion to invite Rev. James Crowe to return for the next conference year was carried, but Mr. Crowe said that his health would not permit him to return and then it was decided to invite Mr. Dulaney.

Inaugural Ball

State Chairman Philip Q. Churchman and Union Republican State Chairman Allee are to confer this week about arrangements for the inaugural ball on January 15, the day of Governor Hunn's inauguration. It is probable that they will decide on a special committee to make all arrangements for the ball, which will be held in some suitable hall at Dover. It is proposed, if possible, to have an elaborate affair.

Small Boy—"Mamma, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I dropped the other one."

Mamma—"Well, here's another. But where did you drop the first one."

Small Boy—"In my coffee."

HENS ON ONE MEAL A DAY

Owing to a great and sudden increase in my other duties, I found it impossible one season to devote as much time as I had usually given to my fowls. I was obliged to be in my office at at least reasonable hours, and was so often detained there until after dark that it became necessary either to dispose of my fowls, employ some one to take care of them, or to put them upon one meal a day. I did not wish to do the first; the second I could not do, as I could not secure proper help at a reasonable price; so I was compelled to submit to the third method. Once each day the hens were watered and fed, the only convenient time being in the morning. The fowls were yarded, and consequently had to depend on their feeder for all that they obtained. What were the results?

1. The fowls remained in as good health as usual. They were plump, looked thrifty, and the loss among them was never above the normal rate.

2. They laid fairly well, but not so well as when they were fed twice a day. Giving them all the food they needed for a day at the morning meal resulted in some diminution in the number of eggs laid.

3. The eggs seemed to be fully as fertile as they had been under the former methods of feeding. They hatched well at home, and the number of complaints from the eggs sold was not increased. The effect upon fertility was inappreciable.

4. As to habits, feather-pulling appeared in one pen, which possibly may have been due to the method of feeding; but of this I am not fully certain, as this habit is sometimes contracted when the hens have their regular number of meals each day. Another pen of fowls contracted the habit of eating their eggs, and this habit I am inclined to think was due to the feeding of but one meal a day. I think that the one meal a day led them to roll their eggs out of their nests, through sheer idleness, and, accidentally breaking some of them, they found a means of adding to the number of meals which they received. Of this, too, I cannot be absolutely certain. This habit may perhaps help to account for the smaller number of eggs received, though I do not believe it fully accounts for it, because in the years when the egg-eating did not take place, there appeared to be a diminution in the productivity.

My experience in feeding hens once a day, therefore, cannot be regarded as very satisfactory. Still, the loss was less than I feared it might be, and left a margin of profit after all. It proved that one could keep hens at some profit, even if he were so situated that he could give them attention only in the morning. And I believe that the possible ills attendant upon this method might have been materially reduced if I had at the outset provided dark nests and had given them an abundance of green stuff to occupy their attention through the day. If any very busy fancier is inclined to try this plan, I advise him to do certain things, which I neglected to do.

1. Give the fowls plenty of green food. In the early part of the season give them an abundance of green grass, later on substituting cabbage and other vegetables. If the houses are provided with litter, scatter some grain in the litter, so that they may have some inducement to keep busy.

2. Provide a reasonable quantity of meat—in any available form—as a part of their daily diet. Meat is one of the best egg producers, and will tend to keep the hens from acquiring bad habits, such as feather pulling.

3. Provide dark nests for the hens, so as to remove the temptation of eating their eggs. Egg-eating is an acquired habit, easily prevented but rather difficult to cure. It is, also, a good plan to have one or more China eggs upon the floor of each pen. The hens will pick at these, but finding the picking results in nothing, will grow indifferent to eggs lying about, so that if a real egg happens to get out of the nest into sight, it is less likely to be picked at by the hens.

If these precautions are taken, I have no doubt that hens can be kept profitably, even if they are fed but once daily. I do not believe that, cared for in this way, they will give quite so good results as they would if fed twice a day; and for those who can give the necessary time, this method is not the one to be followed. But there may be not a few who would be glad to keep hens, and who can devote to them only a limited time. For such persons it may be worth while to know that fowls can be kept successfully on one meal a day. The by no means fully satisfactory results of my experiment lead me to this conclusion. It is worth trying at any rate, and I am so well satisfied with the results obtained that I shall not hesitate to try the experiment again if I am so situated as to make the trial desirable. But I shall, if I do try it again, provide so far as possible against the ills that followed my former experiment, some of which seem to have been wholly preventable.—H. S. Babcock.—*Country Gentleman.*

Eight Hour Law Proposed

At the present session of the General Assembly the United Labor League will make an effort to secure the passage of a bill fixing eight hours as the length of a day's work. It is held that on government work eight hours forms a working day. Even the letter-carriers work but that time, and it is thought that if the rule is good for the government it would be good for others. The bill will be drawn to apply to all workmen including clerks, if it can be applied.

Payment of Two Bills Held Up

President William A. Scott, of the Levy Court, which completed its term Tuesday and Comptroller George D. Kelley, who continues in office, withheld their signatures from the warrants allowing $1,300 to Mayor Evan G. Boyd, of New Castle, for commitments, and $852 to the Star Publishing Company for printing the official ballot. The two officials were apposed to the bills, and, lacking their signature, the warrants are no good.

Washington Letter.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY has been assured by Senator Hawley, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, that there would be no delay in putting the substitute for the House Army Reorganization bill, prepared by his committee, through the Senate as soon as Congress reassembles. Senator Hawley also expressed the opinion that an agreement would be speedily reached with the House when the bill was sent to Conference. The latter opinion is fully shared by Chairman Hull of the House Military Committee, who made a careful personal canvass of the Senate before the recess Secretary Root is naturally prejudiced in favor of some sections of the House bill, which was prepared by him or under his directions, but he says he will not stand in the way of legislation that is so urgently needed by opposing the substitute, or in any way raising obstacles to delay the passage of the bill just because it does not meet his personal views in all its details. He wants authority to enlist men needed, and wants it as quickly as possible, regardless of the details of the law providing therefor.

***

Mr. Charles S. Francis, Editor of the Troy, N. Y., Times, who is in Washington for the purpose of getting his commission and instructions as United States Minister to Greece, Roumania and Servia, is one of the few men who accept official position for sentimental reasons. In his own words, "I have little ambition to hold public office further than the sentiment that attaches to occupying the same position in the public service that my father had before me. I was with him in Europe during his diplomatic service as his Secretary."

***

A movement is on foot and being vigorously pushed to have the Senate inaugurate the 20th Century lenislation by ratifying the treaty already favorably reported, which binds the United States to a prohibition of the sale of intoxicants in Africa, between twenty degrees north latitude and twenty-two degrees south latitude, and to add a resolution inviting the nations of the world to join in protecting barbarian native races everywhere, on the first legislative day of the new century, Thursday, January 3rd. The movement also includes the passage by the House, on the same day, of the Gillett bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicants or fire-arms by Americans to the natives of the New Hebrides islands, a traffic which England has already prohibited. The idea of this movement is to emphasize the attitude of the United States on progressive christianity and moral reform.

***

Among President McKinley's callers Saturday was Maj. John R. Lynch, the only colored paymaster in the army, who is home on a furlough from Santiago, Cuba, where he is stationed. Of the present situation in Cuba, he said: "The people are divided into three classes. The foreigners, which include the Spaniards, are the only people with any considerable amount of goodwill toward us. They like us better than any of the others. The next class is composed of Cubans who have amassed property. This class and the first-mentioned want annexation to the United States, or protection from us. The third class, made up of the mass of the people, wants independence, and wants it quick. They haven't a particle of good feeling for us and apparently do not remember us with the least gratitude. The men actually dislike being seen talking to an American, for fear that it will hurt them politically.

***

Dr. L. H. Bugbee, of New York, who is the almost exact double of President McKinley in appearance, came to Washington for the express purpose of seeing the man for whom he had been so often mistaken. As the two men shook hands, the likeness was remarked by everyone present. After the interview, which was the first time Dr. Bugbee had met the President, he said: "It is a great honor to be like the President, but it is an awful annoyance to have people making the mistake all the time. In Washington, it is different from other cities. People do not bother me here except to peer curiously at me as I sit in the hotel or walk the streets. Occasionally they lift their hats in dignified salute, but rarely molest me. Several have approached me to ask favors, practical jokers having told them that I was the President. In other cities, especially if the President happens to be in the same place, I have much trouble. Once or twice the police had to almost rescue me from mobs of curiosity seekers. I guess I look more like the President's photographs than like the President himself."

***

Secretary Root says the charges preferred against Col. Heistand, Adjutant-General of the Army in China, in connection with an alleged combination of officials to control the hemp out-put of the Philippines, by Maj. Hawkes, who was dismissed from the volunteer service for making corrupt use of his position, are unworthy of notice; that they place Hawkes in an ugly and unenviable position; if true, they show that he had tried to get into a corrupt combination, and if untrue that he was guilty of a malicious attempt to injure an innocent man.

Nasal Catarrh quic[illegible] yields to treatment by Ely's Crea[illegible] agreeably aromatic. It [illegible] the nostrils, cleanses [illegible] surface over which [illegible] remedy for Nasal Cata[illegible] or exciting to the [illegible] should not be us[illegible] recognized as a spe[illegible] at druggists or by [illegible] head immediately d[illegible] Balm is used. Ely [illegible] street, New York.

iddletown Directory.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.

ident, G. W. W. Naudain; Secretary, ge G. Rowe; Charles H. Howell, Wm. H. ran, David I. Allen.

BANKS.

ples National Bank.—President, G. W andain; Cashier, Geo. D. Kelley; Teller. G. Lockwood. Bank Building on East n Street.

itizens National Bank.—President, Joseph ggs; Cashier, John S. Crouch; Teller, F. lvis. Bank Building on South Broad treet.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Middletown Council, No. 2, Jr. O. U. A. M. Meets every Monday night in McWhorter's Hall at 8 o'clock.

Union Lodge, No. 5, A. F. & A. M. Meets first Tuesday of each month in Town Hall.

Good Samaritan Lodge, No. 9, I. O. O. F. ets every Thursday night in McWhorter's ll at 8 o'clock.

amon Lodge, No. 12, K. of P. Meets every dnesday night in McWhorter's Hall at block.

Welcome Conclave Heptasophs. Meets every second and fourth Friday night in K of P. Hall.

Union Lodge, No. 6, A. O. U. W., meets every 2d and 4th Tuesday night in McWhorter's Hall.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Volunteer Hose Company, meets first Friday night of each month in Hose House.

THE CHURCHES.

Bethesda M. E. Church.—Rev. E. W. Caswell, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 2 p. m., M.B Burris Superintendent. Prayer meeting, every Thursday evening, 7.30 o'clock. Junior Epworth League and Epworth Cadets every Friday night at 7 o'clock. Young Ladies' Mission Circle, Monday nights at Parsonage. Women's Foreign Missionary Society, first Friday night of each month. Women's Home Missionary Society, first Thursday night of each month. Mite Society, first Saturday night of each month. Official Board meeting first Friday afternoon of each month at 2.30 o'clock.

Forest Presbyterian Church.—Rev. F. H. Moore, Pastor. Services held every Sabbath morning at 10.30 o'clock, and every Sabbath evening at 7.30. Sabbath School will be held every Sabbath morning at 9.15 o'clock. E. C. Ellison, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Young People's Society Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 6.45 o'clock. Junior Society Christian Endeavor every Sunday after noon at 3 o'clock.

St. Anne's Protestant Episcopal Church.—Rev. Wm. J. Wilkie, Rector. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month at 10.30 a. m. On all other Sundays at 7.30 a. m. Divine services every Sunday at 10.30 a. m., and 7.30 p. m. Morning Prayer and Litany every Wednesday and Friday at 9.30 a. m. Evening Prayer on Wednesdays at 7.30 p. m. and on Friday at 3.30 p. m. On all Holy Days service at 9.30 a. m., Sunday School at 9.45 a. m. Adult Bible Class at 7.45 p. m. on Wednesdays. The Guild meets every Thursday at 4 p. m., the Junior Auxiliary on Saturdays at 3 p. m. and the Woman's Auxiliary on the second Friday of each month at 2.30 p. m.

Services at Armstrong's Chapel the first Sabbath of each month at 3 p. m.

REGISTER'S ORDER.

REGISTER'S OFFICE,
NEW CASTLE COUNTY, DEL.
April 25th, 1900.

Upon the application of Christopher J. Vandegrift, Executor of Lydia Smith, late of St. George's Hundred, in said county, deceased, it is ordered and directed by the Register that the Executor aforesaid give notice of granting of Letters Testamentary upon the estate of the deceased, with the date of granting thereof by causing advertisements to be posted within forty days from the date of such Letters in six of the most public places of the County of New Castle, requiring all persons having demands against the estate to present the same, or abide by an act of Assembly in such case made and provided; and also cause the same to be inserted within the same period in the MIDDLETOWN TRANSCRIPT, a newspaper published in Middletown, Del., and to be continued therein two months.

Given under the hand and seal of office of the Register aforesaid, at Wilmington in New Castle County aforesaid, the day and year above written

SEAL

CALVIN W. CROSSAN, Register.

CE.—Notice is hereby given that Letestamentary were in due form of anted unto the undersigned, on the fifth day of April A. D. 1900, and persons having claims against the f the deceased must present the same, attested, to the said Executor, on re the twenty-fifth day of April, ubside the Act of Assembly in such ade and provided.

CHRISTOPHER J. VANDEGRIFT,
ess, Executor.
n, Delaware.

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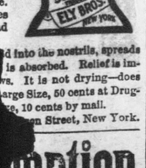
Ely's Cream Balm cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. ures catarrh and drives a cold in the head



d into the nostrils, spreads is absorbed. Relief is imrs. It is not drying—does arge Size, 50 cents at Druggists, 10 cents by mail.
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Howard, Pa., June 21, 1900.

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. . . La Toussiant . . .

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

TOWARDS THE AUTUMN OF 1601, I was one day leaving the hall of the Arsenal, after giving audience to such as wished to see me, when Maignan came after me and detained me; reporting that a gentleman who had attended early, but had later gone into the garden, was still in waiting. While Maignan was still speaking, the stranger himself came up, with some show of haste, but none of embarrassment; and, in answer to my salutation and inquiry what I could do for him, handed me a letter. He had the air of a man not twenty, his dress was a trifle rustic; but his strong and handsome figure set off a face that would have been pleasing but for a something fierce in the aspect of his eyes. Assured that I did not know, I broke the seal of his letter and found that it was from my old flame Madame de Bray, who, as Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, had come so near to being my wife.

The young man proved to be her brother, whom she commended to my good offices, the impoverishment of the family being so great that she could compass no more regular method of introducing him to the world, though the house of St. Mesmin is truly respectable and, like my own, allied to several of the first consequence. "So you have come to Paris to make your fortune?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"And what are the tools with which you propose to do it?" I continued, between jest and earnest.

"That letter, sir," he answered simply; "and failing that, two horses, two suits of clothes, and two hundred crowns."

"You think that those will suffice?" I said, laughing.

"With this, sir," he answered, touching his sword; "and a good courage."

I could not but stand amazed at his coolness; for he spoke to me as simply as to a brother.

"Well," I said, after considering him, "I do not think that I can help you much immediately. I should be glad to know, however, what plans you have formed for yourself."

"Frankly, sir," he said, "I thought of this as I travelled; and I decided that fortune can be won by three things—by gold, by steel, and by love. The first I have not, and for the last I have a better use. Only the second is left. I shall be Crillon."

I looked at him in astonishment; for the assurance of his manner exceeded that of his words. But I did not betray the feeling. "Crillon was one in a million," I said dryly.

"So am I," he answered.

I confess that the audacity of this reply silenced me. Bidding him come to me in a week, I hinted that in Paris his crowns would find more frequent opportunities of leaving his pockets than his sword its sheath.

He parted from me with this, seeming perfectly satisfied with his reception; and marched away with the port of a man who expected adventures at every corner, and was prepared to make the most of them. Apparently he did not take my hint greatly to heart, however; for when I next met him, within the week, he was fashionably dressed, his hair in the mode, and his company as noble as himself. I made him a sign to stop, and he came to speak to me.

"How many crowns are left?" I said jocularly.

"Fifty," he answered, with perfect readiness.

"What!" I said, pointing to his equipment with something of the indignation I felt, "has this cost the balance?"

"No," he answered. "On the contrary, I have paid three months' rent in advance and a months' board at Zaton's; I have added two suits to my wardrobe, and I have lost fifty crowns on the dice."

"You promise well!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders quite in the fashionable manner. "Always courage!" he said; and he went, on smiling.

I was walking at the time with M. de Saintonge, and he muttered, with a sneer, that is was not difficult to see the end, or that within the year the young braggart would sink to be a gaming-house bully. I said nothing, but I confess that I thought otherwise, the lad's disposition of his money and his provision for the future seeming to me so remarkable as to set him above ordinary rules.

From this time I began to watch his career with interest, and I was not surprised when, in less than a month, something fell out that led the whole court to regard him with a mixture of amusement and expectancy.

One evening, after leaving the King's closet, I happened to pass through the east gallery at the Louvre, which served at that time as the outer antechamber, and was the common resort as well of all those idlers who, with some pretensions to fashion, lacked the entree, as of many who with greater claims preferred to be at their ease. My passage for a moment stilled the babel which prevailed. But I had no sooner reached the farther door than the noise broke out again; and this with so sudden a fury, the tumult being augmented by the crashing fall of a table, as caused me at the last moment to stand and turn. A dozen voices crying simultaneously, "Have a care!" and "Not here! not here!" and all looking the same way, I was able to detect the three principals in the fracas. They were no other than M. de St. Mesmin, Barradas—a low fellow, still remembered, who was already what Saintonge had prophesied that the former would become—and young St. Germain, the eldest son of M. de Clan.

I rather guessed than heard the cause of the quarrel, and that St. Mesmin putting into words what many had known for years and some made their advantage of, had accused Barradas of cheating. The latter's fury was, of course, proportioned to his guilt; an instant challenge while I looked was his natural answer. This, as he was a consummate swordsman, and had long earned his living as much by fear as by fraud, should have been enough to stay the greediest stomach; but St. Mesmin was not content. Treating [illegible] once passed, as ferred his attac called on h

had won by betting on Barradas.

St. Germain, a young spark as proud and headstrong as St. Mesmin himself, and possessed of friends equal to his expectations, flung back a haughty refusal. He had the advantage in station and popularity; and by far the larger number of those present sided with him. I lingered a moment in curiosity, looking to see the accuser with all his boldness give way before the almost unanimous expression of disapproval. But my former judgment of him had been correctly formed. So far from being browbeaten or depressed by his position, "You must return my money!" he kept on saying monotonously. "You must return my money. This man cheated, and you won my money. You must pay or fight."

"With a dead man?" St. Germain replied, gibing at him.

"No, with me."

"Barradas will spit you!" the other scoffed. "Go and order your coffin, and do not trouble me."

"I shall trouble you. If you did not know that he cheated, pay; and if you did know, fight."

"I know?" St. Germain retorted fiercely. "You madman! Do you mean to say that I knew that he cheated?"

"I mean what I say!" St. Mesmin returned stolidly. "You have won my money. You must return it. If you will not return it, you must fight."

I should have heard more, but at that moment the main door opened, and two or three gentlemen who had been with the King came out. Not wishing to be seen watching the brawl, I moved away and forgot St. Mesmin for the time, and only recalled him next morning when Saintonge, being announced, came into my room in a state of great excitement and almost with his first sentence brought out his name.

"Barradas has not killed him then?" I said, reproaching myself in a degree for my forgetfulness.

"No! He, Barradas!" Saintonge answered.

"No?" I exclaimed.

"Yes!" he said. "I tell you, M. le Marquis, he is a devil of a fellow—a devil of a fellow! He fought, I am told, just like Crillon; rushed in on that rascal and fairly beat down his guard, and had him pinned to the ground before he knew that they had crossed swords!"

"Well," I said, "there is one scoundrel the less. That is all."

"Ah, but that is not all!" my visitor replied more seriously. "It should be but it is not; and it is for that reason I am come to you. You know St. Germain?"

"I know that his father and you are—well, that you take opposite sides," I said smiling.

"That is pretty well known," he answered coldly. "Anyway, this lad is to fight St. Germain to-morrow; and now I hear that M. de Clan, St. Germain's farther, is for shutting him up; getting a letter de cachet, or anything else you please, and away with him."

"What! St. Germain!" I said.

"No!" M. de Saintonge answered, prolonging the sound to the utmost. "St. Mesmin!"

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"Yes," the Marquis retorted pettishly, "but I don't. I don't see. And I beg to remind you, M. de Rosny, that this lad is my wife's second cousin through her stepfather, and that I shall resent any interference with him. I have spent enough and done enough in the King's service to have my wishes respected in a small matter such as this; and I shall regard any severity exercised towards my kinsman as a direct offence to myself. Whereas M. de Clan, who will doubtless be here in a few minutes, is——"

"But stop," I said, interrupting him, "I heard you speaking of this young fellow the other day. You did not tell me then that he was your kinsman."

"Nevertheless he is; my wife's second cousin," he answered with heat.

"And you wish him to——"

"Be let alone!" he replied, interrupting me in his turn more harshly than I approved. "I wish him to be let alone. If he will fight St. Germain, and kill or be killed, is that the King's affair that he need interfere? I ask for not interference," M. de Saintonge continued bitterly, "only for fair play and no favor. And for M. de Clan, who has never done anything but thwart the King, for him to come now, and—faugh! it makes me sick."

"Yes," I said dryly; "I see."

"You understand me?"

"Yes," I said "I think so."

"Very well," he replied haughtily—he had gradually wrought himself into a passion—"be good enough to bear my request in mind then; and my services also. I ask no more, M. de Rosny, than is due to me and to the King's honor."

And with that, and scarcely an expression of civility, he left me.

Saintonge could scarcely have cleared the gates before his prediction was fulfilled. His enemy arrived hot foot, and entered to me with a mein so much lowered by anxiety and trouble that I hardly knew him. Saintonge had rightly anticipated his request; the first, he said, with a trace of his old pride, that he had made to the King in eleven years; his son, his only son and only child—the single heir of his name!

"But," I said, "your son wishes to fight, M. de Clan?"

He nodded.

"And you cannot hinder him?"

He shrugged his shoulders grimly "No," he said; "he is a St. Germain."

"Well, that is just my case," I answered. "You see this young fellow St. Mesmin was commended to me, and is in a manner, of my household; and that is a fatal objection. I cannot possibly act against him in the manner you propose. You must see that; and for my wishes, he respects them less than your son regards yours."

M. de Clan rose, trembling a little on his legs, and glaring at me out of his fierce old eyes. "Very will," he said, "it is as much as I expected. Times are changed—and faiths—since the King of Navarre slept under the same bush with Antoine [illegible] Cahors [illegible]

helped him if I could; but believing that he who places any consideration before the King's service is not fit to conduct it, I did not see my way to thwart M. de Saintonge in a matter so small. And the end justified my inaction; for the duel, taking place that evening, resulted in nothing worse than a serious, but not dangerous, wound which St. Mesmin, fighting with the same fury as in the morning, contrived to inflict on his opponent.

For some weeks after this I saw little of the young firebrand, though from time to time he attended my receptions and invariably behaved to me with a modesty which proved that he placed some bounds to his presumption. I heard, moreover, that M. de Saintonge, in acknowledgment of the triumph over the St. Germains which he had afforded him, had taken him up; and that the connection between the families being publicly avowed, the two were much together.

Judge of my surprise, therefore, when one day, a little before Christmas, M. de Saintonge sought me at the Arsenal, and, drawing me aside into the garden, broke into a furious tirade against the young fellow.

"But," I said, in immense astonishment, "what is this? I thought that he was a young man quite to your mind; and——"

"He is mad!" he answered.

"Mad?" I said.

"Yes, mad!" he repeated, striking the ground violently with his cane. "Stark mad, M. de Rosny. He does not know himself! What do you think—but it is inconceivable. He proposes to marry my daughter! This penniless adventurer honors Mademoiselle de Saintonge by proposing for her!"

He has, of course, seen Mademoiselle?" M de Saintonge nodded.

"At your house, doubtless?"

"Of course!" he replied, with a snap of rage.

"Then I am afraid it is serious," I said. He stared at me, and for an instant I thought that he was going to quarrel with me. Then he asked me why.

I was not sorry to have this opportunity of at once increasing his uneasiness, and requitting his arrogance. "Because," I said, "this young man appears to me to be very much out of the common. Hitherto, whatever he has said he would do, he has done. If you will take my my advice, you will proceed with caution."

M. de Saintonge, receiving an answer so little to his mind, was almost bursting with rage. "Proceed with caution!" he cried. "You talk as if the thing could be entertained, or as if I had cause to fear the coxcomb! On the contrary, I intend to teach him a lesson. A little confinement will cool his temper. You must give me a letter, my friend, and we will clap him in the Bastille for a month or two."

"Impossible," I said firmly. "Quite impossible, M. le Marquis."

M. de Saintonge looked at me, frowning. "How?" he said arrogantly. "Have my services earned no better answer than that?"

"You forget," I replied. "Let me remind you that less than a month ago you asked me not to interfere with St. Mesmin; and at your instance I refused to accede to M. de Clan's request that I would confine him. You were then all for non-interference, M. de Saintonge, and I cannot blow hot and cold. besides, to be plain with you," I continued, "even if that were not the case, this young fellow is in a manner under my protection; which renders it impossible for me to move against him. If you like, however I will speak to him."

"Speak to him!" M. de Saintonge cried. He was breathless with rage. He could say no more.

Within a week M. de St. Mesmin's pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle de Saintonge was first in the attention of all Paris. The young lady, whose reputation and the care which had been spent on her breeding, no less than her gifts of person and character, deserved a better fate, attained in a moment a notoriety far from enviable; rumor's hundred tongues alleging, and probably with truth—for what father can vie with a gallant in a maiden's eyes?—that her inclinations were all on the side of the pretender.

Wherever Mademoiselle's presence was to be expected, St. Mesmin appeared, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and wearing either a favor made of her colors or a glove which he asserted that she had given him. Throwing himself in her road on every occasion, he expressed his passion by the most extravagant looks and gestures; and protected from the shafts of ridicule alike by his self-esteem and his prowess, did a hundred things that rendred her conspicuous and must have covered another than himself with inextinguishable laughter.

In these circumstances M. de Saintonge began to find that the darts which glanced off his opponent's armour were making him their butt; and that he, who had valued himself all his life on a stately dignity and pride almost Spanish, was rapidly becoming the laughing-stock of the Court. His rage may be better imagined than described, and doubtless his daughter did not go unscathed. But the ordinary contemptuous refusal which would have sent another suitor about his business, was of no avail here; he had no son, while St. Mesmin's recklessness rendered the boldest unwilling to engage him. Saintonge found himself, therefore, at his wits' end, and in this emergency bethought him again of a lettre de cachet. But the King proved as obdurate as his minister.

Thus repulsed, the Marquis made up his mind to carry his daughter into the country; but St. Mesmin meeting this with the confident assertion that he would abduct her within a week, wherever she was confined, Saintonage, desperate as a baited bull, and trembling with rage—for the threat was uttered at Zamet's and was repeated everywhere — avowed equally publicly that since the King would give him no satisfaction he would take the law into his own hands.

At this juncture, however, an unexpected ally, and one whose appearance increased Saintonge's rage to an intolerable extent, took up St. Mesmin's quarrel. This was young St. Germain, who, quitting his chamber, was to be seen everywhere on his antagonist's arm. The old feud between the St. Germains and Saintonges aggravated the new; and more than one brawl took place in the streets between the parties. St. Germain never me[illegible]

proclaimed what he would do if a hair of St. Mesmin's head were injured.

This seemed to place an effectual check on M. de Saintonge's purpose; and my surprise was great when, about a week later, the younger St. Germain burst in upon me one morning, with his face inflamed with anger and his dress in disorder; and proclaimed, before I could rise or speak, that St. Mesmin had been murdered.

"How?" I said, somewhat startled. "And when?"

"By M. de Saintonge! Last night!" he answered furiously. "But I will have justice; I will have justice, M. de Rosny, or the King——"

I checked him as sternly as my surprise would let me; and when I had a little abashed him—which was not easy, for his temper vied in stubbornness with St. Mesmin's—I learned the particulars. About ten o'clock on the previous night St. Mesmin had received a note, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his servants, had gone out alone. He had not returned nor been seen since, and his friends feared the worst.

"But on what grounds?" I said, astonished to find that that was all.

"What!" St. Germain cried, flaring up again. "Do you ask on what grounds? When M. de Saintonge has told a hundred what he would do to him! What he would do—do, I say? What he has done!"

"Pooh!" I said. "It is some assignation, and the rogue is late in returning."

"An assignation, yes," St. Germain retorted; "but one from which he will not return."

"Well, if he does not, go to the Chevalier du Guet," I answered, waving him off. Go! do you hear? I am busy," I continued. "Do you think that I am keeper of all the young sparks that bay the moon under the citizens' windows? Be off, sir!"

He went reluctantly, muttering vengeance; and I, after rating Maignan soundly for admitting him, returned to my work, supposing that before night I should hear of St. Mesmin's safety. But the matter took another turn, for while I was at dinner the captain of the watch came to speak to me. St. Mesmin's cap had been found in a by-street near the river, in a place where there were marks of a struggle; and his friends were furious.

Before noon next day M. de Clan, whose interference surprised me not a little, was with me to support his son's petition; and at the King's levee next day St. Germain accused his enemy to the King's face, and caused an angry and indecent scene in the chamber.

When a man is in trouble foes spring up, as the moisture rises through the stones before a thaw. I doubt if M. de Saintonge was not more completely surprised than any by the stir which ensued, and which was not confined to the St. Germains' friends, though they headed the accusers. All whom he had ever offended, and all who had ever offended him, clamored for justice; while St. Mesmin's faults being forgotten and only his merits remembered, there were few who did not bow to the general indignation, which the young and gallant, who saw that at any moment his fate might be theirs, did all in their power to foment. Finally, the arrival of St. Mesmin the father, who came up almost broken-hearted, and would have flung himself at the King's feet on the first opportunity, roused the storm to the wildest pitch. I saw the King and gave him advice. This was to summon Saintonge, the St. Germains, and old St. Mesmin to his presence and effect a reconciliation; or, failing that, to refer the matter to the Parliament.

He agreed with me and chose to receive them next day at the Arsenal. I communicated his commands, and at the hour named we met, the King attended by Roquelaure and myself. But if I had flattered myself that the King's presence would secure a degree of moderation and reasonableness I was soon undeceived.

"For shame, gentlemen, for shame!" the King said, gnawing his moustachios after a fashion he had when in doubt. "I take Heaven to witness that I cannot say who is right! But this brawling does no good. The one fact we have is that St. Mesmin has disappeared."

"Yes, sire; and that M. de Saintonge predicted his disappearance," St. Germain cried, impulsively. "To the day and almost to the hour."

"I gather, M. de Saintogne," the King said, turning to him, midly, "that you did use some expressions of that kind."

"Yes, sire, and did nothing upon them," he answered resentfully. But he trembled as he spoke. He was an older man than his antagonist, and the latter's violence shook him.

"But does M. de Saintonge deny," St. Germain broke out afresh before the King could speak, "that my friend had made him a proposal for his daughter, and that he rejected it?

"I deny nothing!" Saintonge cried? fierce and trembling as a baited animal.

"For that matter, I would to Heaven he had had her!" he continued bitterly.

"Ay, so you say now," the irrepressible St. Germain retorted, "when you know that he is dead!"

"I do not know that he is dead," Saint, onge answered. "And, for that matter if he were alive and here now, he should have her. I am tired; I have suffered enough."

"What! Do you tell the King," the young fellow replied incredulously, "that if St. Mesmin were here you would give him your daughter?"

"I do—I do!" the other exclaimed passionately. "To be rid of him, and you, and all your crew!"

"Tut, tut!" the King said. "Whatever betides, I will answer for it, you shall have protection and justice, M. de Saintonage. And do you, young sir, be silent. Be silent, do you hear! We have had too much noise introduced into this already."

He proceeded then to ask certain details, and particularly the hour at which St. Mesmin had been last seen. Notwithstanding that these facts were in the main matters of common agreement, some wrangling took place over them; which was only brought to an end at last in a manner sufficiently startling. The King with his usual thoughtfulness had bidden St. Mesmin be seated. On a sudden the old man rose; I heard him utter a cry of amazement, and following the direction of his eyes I looked toward the door. There stood his son! [illegible]

this or that person, as surprise or interest or affection moved them, were a task on which I am not inclined to enter. Suffice it that the foremost and the loudest in these expressions of admiration was young St. Germain; and that the King, after glancing from face to face in puzzled perplexity, began to make a shrewd guess at the truth.

"This is a very timely return, Me. de St. Mesmin," he said dryly.

"Yes, sire," the young impertinent answered, not a whit abashed.

"Very timely, indeed."

"Yes, sire. And the more as St. Germain tells me that M. de Saintonge in his clemency has reconsidered my claims; and has undertaken to use that influence with Mademoiselle which——"

But on that word M. de Saintonge, comprehending the ruse by which he had been overcome, cut him short; crying out in a rage that he would see him in perdition first. However, we all immediately took the Marquis in hand, and made it our business to reconcile him to the notion; the King even making a special appeal to him, and promising that St. Mesmin should never want his good offices. Under this pressure, and confronted by his solemn undertaking, Saintonge at last and with reluctance gave way. At the King's instance, he formally gave his consent to a match which effectually secured St. Mesmin's fortunes, and was as much above anything the young fellow could reasonably except as his audacity and coolness exceeded the common conceit of courtiers.—*McClure's Magazine.*

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On and after October 1, 1900, train will leave as follows:

SOUTHWARD.

	PAS. A. M.	EXP. A. M.	PAS. P. M.	MAIL P. M.	MAIL P. M.	EXP. P. M.
Philadelphia	7 25	10 20	2 20	3 58	5 56	11 26
Baltimore	6 25	8 03	1 18	2 01	4 20	7 58
Wilmington	8 13	11 06	3 03	4 39	6 58	12 11
Farnhurst	f 8 22		f 3 12		f 7 07	
New Castle	8 28		3 17	4 52	7 12	
State Road	f 8 34		f 3 22		f 7 17	
Bear	8 39		f 3 27	f 5 01	7 22	
Porter	8 47		f 3 32	5 09	7 28	
Kirkwood	8 52		f 3 37		7 33	
Mt. Pleasant	9 01		f 3 45		f 7 41	
Armstrong	9 05		f 3 49		f 7 45	
Middletown	9 11	11 50	3 54	5 3	7 50	12 54
Townsend	9 19		4 01	5 40	7 59	
Blackbird	9 23		f 4 11		8 04	
Gr'n Spring	9 28		f 4 17		f 8 10	
Clayton	9 34	12 07	4 22	5 54	8 16	
Smyrna, LV	9 24	11 57	4 12	5 44	8 06	
Brenford	9 29		f 4 27		f 8 21	
Cheswold	9 44		f 4 32		f 8 27	
Dupont			f 4 55			
Dover	9 58	12 23	4 42	6 13	8 37	1 31
Wyoming	10 05	12 29	4 48	6 18	8 43	a 1 39
Woodside	f 10 11			f 6 24	f 8 50	
Viola	f 10 15			f 6 28	f 8 54	
Felton	10 20	12 40		6 33	8 59	a 1 5
Harrington	10 34	12 53		6 46	9 16	2 07
Georgetown	11 24			7 45		
Berlin	12 33			8 44		
Ocean City (B C & A Ry	12 45			10 35		
Farmington	f 10 42			f 6 54	f 9 18	
Greenwood	10 50	f 1 08		f 7 02	f 9 26	
Bridgeville	10 58	f 1 16		7 10	9 34	a 2 29
Cannons	f 11 03			f 7 15	f 9 39	
Seaford	11 13	1 27		7 24	9 48	2 41
Laurel	11 23	1 37		7 34	9 58	a 2 53
Delmar	11 33	1 46		7 43	10 08	3 05
	AM	PM	PM	PM	PM	A M

NORTHWARD.

	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. A. M.	MAIL A. M.	EXP. P. M.	PAS. P. M.
Delmar	11 08		7 05	8 00	2 15	8 30
Laurel	f 11 21		7 18	8 10	2 25	8 41
Seaford	11 34		7 28	8 24	2 35	8 56
Cannons			f 7 36	f 8 31		f 4 04
Bridgeville	f 1 48		7 42	8 37	f 2 40	4 11
Greenwood			f 7 50	f 8 45	f 2 54	f 4 19
Farmington			f 7 58	f 8 53		f 4 27
Ocean City (B C & A Ry				6 40		*2 10
Berlin				6 56		2 38
Georgetown				7 06		5 42
Harrington	2 28		8 10	9 06	4 9	4 43
Felton	f 2 33		8 19	9 16	18	4 50
Viola			f 8 23	f 9 20		f 4 54
Woodside			f 8 27	f 9 24		f 4 58
Wyoming	p 2 46	8 57	8 31	9 31	f 3 00	5 06
Dover	2 57	7 03	8 40	9 38	3 30	5 12
Dupont		f 7 08				
Cheswold		f 7 13		f 9 49		f 5 21
Brenford		f 7 18		f 9 54		f 5 26
Smyrna, LV	3 09	7 25	8 48	9 51	3 41	5 31
Clayton		7 15	8 13	9 51	3 41